

# The Classical Bulletin

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## Early Mediaeval Classicism

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A classicist who has known the quiet beauty of Homer and Sophocles and Virgil, the thunders of Aeschylus, the sad wisdom of Thucydides, who has dreamt with Plato and with him mounted "to the city of true God," and has been cheered by Horace, and has rejoiced with Catullus, and has been awed by Lucretius; one, in short, who has come to look down from high pinnacles of human greatness with something like pity for even Silver Latinity, has misgivings when he is asked to consider the Latin tradition in the Middle Ages. It is not merely that he feels this study to be, as we say, out of his field: a true humanist should be ready to stake a claim on any peak in Darien—*humani nihil a me alienum puto*. But he feels he will be ill at ease in the company of mediaevalists, who are wont to make much of little. He feels that he will be lost amid the childish gropings of Old French and Old English. He will be in the camp of the barbarians and something of a traitor to the true cause!

Moreover, if he be a Christian, he knows he will be embarrassed by the strictures of Jerome and others on classical literature, and by the fulminations of Gregory the Great. Perhaps, too, he has heard of the custom in the monastic library of Cluny, where if a monk wished a Psalter, he placed his hands over his head in the form of a crown, while if he required a pagan book, he scratched his ear like a dog. There is something more significant in that story than in anything Gregory may have to say—especially if one has a little sense of humor. At this point your classicist is not a happy man. Like a child afraid of the dark, he stands aghast before the horrors of the Dark Ages:

..... cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Even worse, if his ignorance of the years 600 to 1200 is something less than abysmal, he will know that Latin was the language of all educated folk; he will have heard that classes were conducted in Latin, that, excepting a few poems in the vernacular, most of the literary works were written in Latin. Yet, if he follow the common opinion, he will suppose that few or no great writers or thinkers appeared in those appalling times. If he be of discerning mind, he will realize that these two facts together constitute a striking and irrefutable argument against the value of a classical education. Bad enough that the classicists of those days should have been miserable as scientists. But that they should not even have been men of letters!

There remains only one theory to which your lover of Greece and Rome can run for comfort, the theory popular in the last century, that there was a kind of

gap of one thousand years between the age of the classical writers and their rediscovery in the fifteenth century. The only link is supposed to have been a parcel of monks copying out—God knows why—texts they had no use for. But if this theory be true, then we classicists are in the worst plight of all. For it means that the culture and civilization of the ancient world was not, as we maintain, the corner-stone of western civilization. Classical scholars will be, as they have been accused of being, mere ghosts haunting a wilderness of dry bones, unrealists, *laudatores temporis acti*.

Little wonder that classical scholars generally have left the study of the Middle Ages to historians and philosophers, mediaevalists and modern-language experts, political scientists and—God forgive us—economists. We have stayed steadfast in our ivory tower and refused the combat in the plain.

The truth, of course, about what a classicist will find in the Middle Ages is far different from the picture we have painted.

First of all, this is his field by right of inheritance. Old French, and Modern, are but *patois* of Latin. Mediaevalists, and historians, work for the most part with Latin documents. In the Middle Ages one will find the language of the Caesars living a full life for a thousand years after it was supposed dead. It lives a reverent life in the great writers of hymns from Ambrose to Aquinas. It lives a boisterous life of satire, love, and revelry in the Goliardic poems, from which as an example we may cite the well known stanza,

*Meum est propositum in taberna mori,  
Ut sint vina proxima morientis ori.  
Tunc cantabunt letius angelorum chori:  
Sic Deus propitius huic potatori!*

What is more, we shall find among those who loved the ancient Latin tongue many a spirit kindred to our own, like the Irish monk who writes in the margin of his manuscript the delightful verses which go in part,

I and Pangur Ban my cat  
Tis a like task we are at:  
Hunting mice is his delight,  
Hunting words I sit all night . . . .

So in peace our tasks we ply  
Pangur Ban my cat and I,  
In our arts we find our bliss;  
I have mine and he has his.

Surely we can feel at home with men like that.

As for the attitude of the Church towards classical studies, the Christian classicist need not be embarrassed by the fact that men like Jerome and Gregory the Great and Odo of Cluny have some severe things to say about too great devotion to pagan writings. From the time of the late Empire on, through the early Middle Ages, the fate and salvation of Europe hung in the balance. Moreover, these and other great church-

men spoke from sure knowledge of how easy a thing it is to love the classics too well. "Dye your wool once purple," Jerome tells us, "and what water will cleanse it of that stain?" Like Jerome, Odo of Cluny felt the same fascination. We are reminded of what Bremond says of Plato, that he was torn between the love, the fear, and the shame of poetry. Even Gregory is not unaware of the worth of Latin learning. In any event, Britain is forever indebted to him for the mission of Augustine, which prepared the way for the coming of Theodore and the great classical revival in that northern island. We learn, too, that about the very year when Gregory ascended the Papal throne, the severe Irish monk Columbanus, the founder of Bobbio and Luxeuil, was in the evening of his life penning the beautiful metrical letter to his friend Fedolius,

*Accipe quæso  
nunc bipedali  
condita versu  
carmine dorum  
munera parva.*

The metre, he tells him, was used by Sappho,

*Sed tamen illa  
Troïgenarum  
inclita vates  
nomine Sappho  
versibus istis  
dulce solebat  
edere carmen.*

A church whose ascetics write such lines can be trusted with the treasures of Greece and Rome. For the rest, the Church's official position could be made clear by citing not a few decrees bidding bishops foster love of learning and provide for the education of poor boys. But this much must suffice for our religious misgivings.

What now of the dilemma which remains? Are we to believe that there was a gap of a thousand years in the knowledge of the classics, and that we are in no true sense the heirs of Greek and Roman culture? Or must we hold that the classics were indeed studied throughout the Middle Ages, but that this study produced few great men?

In fact neither theory is true. Modern scholars are quite agreed as to the falsity of the first. They insist that it is a grave error to think of the Middle Ages as constituting a kind of gap in European culture. Thus David C. Douglas in the Oxford History of Civilization says:

Such an interpretation is now nowhere put forward by competent scholars. . . . The fallacies involved in thinking of this epoch as sharply distinct from the Classical Age which preceded it and from the Renaissance which came after it are especially absurd if applied to scholarship.

Still less true is the notion that the six-hundred years of the period which we are considering produced few great men. One needs but call the roll: Columban, Boniface, Bede, Aldhelm, Alcuin, Theodore, Charlemagne, Alfred, Servatus Lupus, Rabanus Maurus, Abelard, Anselm, Scotus Erigena, Bernard, Fulbert, Gerbert, Lanfranc. The list can be but a sampling, and someone's favorite is certain to be omitted. More remarkable still for a lover of the Classics is the fact that all the great men of those times who were educated at all received what we should call a liberal education with the Latin Classics as the basic subject. Thus King Alfred, who saw England safe through the Danish invasions, trans-

lated Boethius, Orosius, Bede's History, Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis*, and probably the Soliloquies of Augustine. So in his magnificent "Ballad of the White Horse," Chesterton, who knew his England well, puts on the lips of Alfred in the Danish camp a challenge which is the key-note of those critical years:

Therefore your end is on you,  
Is on you and your kings,  
Not for a fire in Ely fen,  
Not that your gods are nine or ten,  
But because it is only Christian men  
Guard even heathen things.

I should like at this point, with all our misgivings set at rest, to give a picture of how those heathen things which are our classical heritage were guarded, and cherished, and multiplied, and passed on to us. For the story of the manuscripts and the men who copied them, adorned them, wrangled over them, borrowed and did not always return them, is a romance in itself. I cannot refrain from mentioning the tale of an Irish monk who stole and copied a manuscript of a brother monk. Out of this a very fine quarrel arose, and at last a third party was called in to judge the case. The verdict was that the copy made also belonged to the original owner of the work, since he who owns the cow owns her calf as well. But we will have to leave these pleasant stories to some other time. For there is one more common historical error which we should consider and learn to avoid. One hears it on the lips of those who cannot quite bring themselves to believe that anything good could come out of the Middle Ages.

"Well and good," they say, "there was no real gap in classical knowledge. We admit, too, that great men lived and died in the six centuries you speak of. But it has always seemed to us that these great ones were isolated. Scotus Erigena appears suddenly out of nowhere. Hroswitha, the learned nun, bobs up like Topsy. This one or that one comes upon a great Latin author or library and thereby achieves himself a kind of greatness. But there is no real continuity, no tradition."

This argument is, of course, inherently improbable. Moreover, as I believe, it can be shown to be a falsification of history. Still, our knowledge of the antecedents of many great classical scholars is so fragmentary that the theory advanced does have an appearance of truth. In any event, it deserves a brief answer, if answer can be given.

John of Salisbury, an Englishman, died as Bishop of Chartres towards the close of the twelfth century. He was a true Latinist, with a wide knowledge of most of the classical authors, and a true humanist. Thus he tells us in the preface of his *Policraticus* that besides the arts, and law, and religion, and accounts of great men and deeds, literature bestows on us "solace in grief, recreation in labor, cheerfulness in poverty, modesty among riches and delights." And he concludes: "Believe one who has tried it that all the sweets of the world compared with these exercises are wormwood." More we cannot set down here, but such was John of Salisbury whom Sandys calls the "most learned man of his time."

Now in one frequently quoted passage he tells us that a former teacher at Chartres, the great Bernard, "the most abounding spring of letters in Gaul," used

to say that "we are as dwarfs mounted on the shoulders of giants." This saying is taken as evidence of mediaeval reverence for the past. It is that. But John's real point, if one read the context, is that a great teacher with the wealth of the past to draw from can increase the worth of that heritage and pass it on to others. Nor is John alone among mediaeval writers in feeling this warm sense of gratitude to those who had opened his mind to the mysteries of classical learning. What then if we could identify John's teachers, and his teachers' teachers, and find out what manner of men they were? Might we not lay the ghost of this argument which denies any continuity of classical knowledge in mediaeval times?

Strange as it appears, such an attempt seems never to have been made. The debt of an individual pupil to his master, or the interdependence of a series of great men in the same school, monastery, or country has, of course, been noted and investigated. But to establish a chain of master-pupil relationships extending over more than a few generations, one must read through a mass of scholarly works, searching out and welding in place each separate link.

In this way a direct descent of master and pupil can be traced back from John of Salisbury five centuries to Bede. Once or twice in the dread tenth century the connection is slight, but there is no complete break. And what names are there! Bede himself and the great Alcuin; Rabanus Maurus, whose pupil Servatus Lupus tells us that love of letters was his from boyhood; Servatus Lupus himself, "hoarding manuscripts like a magpie and clamoring like Petrarch for more." Next come Eric and Remi of Auxerre, and the dour Odo of Cluny, who gave up his classics because of a dream, but not before he had passed on his old love of them to his pupil Raimund. It is the tenth century now, but the light never quite goes out, and Gerbert in quest of that light all over Europe comes to Raimund among others. Gerbert, the famous Sylvester II, we need not eulogize, nor his pupil Fulbert, *Socrates noster*, the founder of the literary tradition and school of Chartres. Then come Lanfranc and Ivo of Chartres, and finally John's beloved Bernard, amid whose pupils and followers John found his true home.

This is but a rough and faulty sketch of the sort of study that remains to be done in recapturing the story of the *traditio*, the handing-down of classical learning. But even the mere list of names reads like a royal lineage and refutes those who claim that the true line of succession ever failed.

Such, then, in barest outline is the cultural history of early mediaeval classicism as we now dimly perceive it. We may cherish good hope that in the years to come classical scholars will fill in more and more the details of the picture.

Memoriae proditum est Iacobum Bossuet et Paulum Segneri, qui inter oratores suae quisque gentis principem locum obtinent, solitos fuisse dicere, si quid dignitatis ac virtutis in suis orationibus esset, id se in primis Marci Tullii studio acceptum referre. — *Pope Pius XI*

## A Place for the Classics

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There has come into my hands recently a booklet entitled, "Can Science Save Us?", by George A. Lundberg (Longmans, Green & Co., 1947). Primarily, the author pleads for the adoption of the methods of physical science by social science. For present purposes, the question as to whether or not the social studies, as now constituted, are actually sufficiently scientific to be worthy of the name, science, need not be considered. Nor is it necessary to ask, if the ratio of constants to variables in human behavior is such that mathematical formulae can be derived, which will solve our social problems. Be that as it may, our author would divide the field of learning between the physical and social sciences, regarding language as a form of art in the general division of sociology. Does this leave a place for the Greek and Latin classics?

Modern foreign languages, of course, are widely recognized as tool-subjects of science. In view of the character of its nomenclature, science seems to have made Greek and Latin too its servants or tools. To be sure, service as a tool is a proper function of language, but it is only one function. When language is so used in either prose or poetry as to become literature, it assumes an independent function: it may inspire and exalt us; it may give us valuable vicarious experiences; it may simply delight us. The tectonics of a novel, or a play, for example, may be just as worthy of admiration as is the architecture of a cathedral. Great literature has been written in various languages; certainly it is not limited to the tongues of ancient Athens and Rome. Nevertheless, the highly inflected character and the consequent freedom of word-order of Greek and Latin give to these languages an unusually pliant quality, which is not found in the relatively uninflected languages, with their more strictly analytical word-order. In short, Greek and Latin are instruments singularly adapted for the creation of great literature. It would seem, then, that Greek and Latin literature is worth reading, if any literature is worth reading. On the other hand, if Greek and Latin literature is not worth reading, no literature is worth reading. Greek and Latin deserve a minor place as tool subjects in our schools, and a major position in the cultural field.

Mr. Lundberg points out the fact that we do not invoke the ancient classics in our study of the physical sciences today, but that we pay heed only to the accepted results of more recent times. True! In medicine, we have better guides than Hippocrates, Galen, and Celsus. No modern farmer would think of following the precepts of Hesiod, Cato, and Varro in preference to those of his State School of Agriculture. Paul Shorey used to say that scientifically we are far ahead of the ancient Greeks; intellectually, moderns and ancients are about equal; artistically, the old Greeks were far superior to modern man. Here, then, if Shorey is correct,\* is a place, albeit a humble one, for the old classics, in the realm of the intellect and of art. But Mr. Lundberg does not believe that the study of ancient literature is essential to deep and original thinking. Here is his proof: the ancients wrote the classics without benefit of



the classics. This is even less than a half-truth. Homer is quoted so frequently by subsequent writers that it is safe to assume that he was known to all Greek authors. Aeschylus, for example, says that his plays are merely "slices from the banquet of Homer". The *Shield of Heracles* is modeled on *Iliad* XVIII. All the poems of the Trojan Cycle presuppose a knowledge of the Homeric epics. Theognis knew his predecessors and contemporaries so well that scholars wonder whether the 1400 lines of the *Theognidea* belong to him or represent an anthology, culled from Solon, Mimnermus, and others. Nearly all categories of Roman literature are based on classical Greek prototypes; the exceptions are elegy and satire. The former is based on the Hellenistic type; the latter is claimed by the Romans as wholly their own. But even Roman satire, in its spirit, goes back to such Greek writers as Archilochus, Hipponax, and Aristophanes. In short, the Roman authors had access to and availed themselves of both classical Greek and Hellenistic literature. The influence of classical writers, notably Ovid, on painters of the Italian, French, and Flemish schools can still be seen in what may be left of the great galleries in continental Europe. The extent to which the ancient classics may have contributed toward the molding of the greatest minds from the Renaissance onward defies even an approximate solution. In sculpture, the Romans simply aped the Greeks. Rome had no Phidias. So, I repeat: in the realm of the intellect and of art, the old classics have a distinct place.

In view of the absence of adverse comment, it is obvious that Mr. Lundberg agrees with Jefferson's characterization of Plato's *Republic* as "nonsense." This attitude appears to be out of harmony with Mr. Lundberg's constant insistence on the application of scientific method. Socrates, as he is revealed to us by Plato, was following in the footsteps of the foremost scientists of his day, the mathematicians. These latter were striving to formulate accurate definitions of a point, a straight line, etc. Now, Socrates was attempting to do the same thing, but in another sphere of thought; *e. g.*, he was trying to find an accurate definition of such concepts as "justice," "courage," and the like. Even where he failed to find a correct answer, he did succeed in exposing and rejecting faulty notions. Likewise, the scientist of today must run through many experiments, only to find that many hypotheses are wrong. Finally, when all the untenable imaginings have been swept aside, and only then, can scientific truth and discovery come to light. The elimination of unsound theory is an essential preliminary to scientific success. Greek and Latin are very precise languages, and are well adapted to the expression of nice distinctions, which are an integral part of accurate definition, which, in turn, is one of the first requisites of scientific method.

Many humanists, according to Mr. Lundberg, cannot even read the better social science monographs. If these so-called better monographs are written in the King's English, all humanists can read and understand them. Since about seventy-five percent of our modern English vocabulary is derived from Greek and Latin, humanists are especially well equipped to interpret accurately the spoken as well as the written English word. Of course, if social science employs a technical language of its own making, neither the physical scientist nor the human-

ist will fully grasp its meaning. Similarly, the social scientist will not be acquainted with the technical terminology of the physical scientist or the humanist. A knowledge of Greek and Latin may occasionally be an aid in interpreting the technical jargon of alien fields of specialization.

It is true that mankind has not achieved an outstanding success in the management of its social relations down through the centuries. It is equally true that many learned men who assumed positions of leadership in the past twenty centuries have been nourished in the classical tradition. For the last several decades, however, classicists have been far outnumbered by social scientists. If social science is truly destined to become the savior of our society, we might reasonably expect to see an amelioration of circumstances subsequent to its advent. But what has our generation seen? It has seen, among other evils, Hitler, Mussolini, and arrogant bureaucracy, despite a great increase in the study of political science; it has seen a protracted depression in the midst of abundant supply and crying demand, but the latter two could not be brought together, even though the study of economics was flourishing like the green bay tree; it has seen slavery, slums, and degraded social conditions beyond belief, in spite of an army of trained workers and professional and professed sociologists. This does not mean that social science cannot save mankind; nor does it mean that it can, or will. The Ten Commandments, the wisdom of old Greece and Rome, the Golden Rule, and the Atlantic Charter could save man, if man would wholeheartedly embrace any one of them. But sulfa reposing on the apothecary's shelf has never yet stemmed an infection on a hospital cot. Doubtless, social science has much to offer us. To me, however, the important question does not appear to be, "Can social science save us?", but "Will man accept social science?" It is a far cry from a potential to an actual panacea, and it has not yet been demonstrated that social science is even a potential panacea for our manifold social ills. Let us not foolishly divest ourselves of our heritage of the past, before we are positive that a better substitute is available.

\* I yield to no man in my admiration for Paul Shorey, but in his appraisal of ancient and modern man, he seems to have been too generous to his contemporaries. So renowned a physicist as Robert Andrews Milliken pays a high tribute to the old Greeks (*cf. Electrons (plus and minus), Protons, Photons, Neutrons, and Cosmic Rays*. University of Chicago Press, 1936). He says, for example, that Thales of Miletus "first correctly conceived and stated, as far back as 600 B. C., the spirit which has actually guided the development of physics in all ages (italics mine), and he also first described, though in a crude and imperfect way, the very phenomenon the study of which has already linked together several of the erstwhile isolated departments of physics, such as radiant heat, light, magnetism, and electricity, and has very recently brought us nearer to the primordial element than we have ever been before." (p. 1). This eminent physicist feels that in a number of cases the conceptions of the ancient Greek and modern physicists are nearly identical, the only difference being that modern scientists have a sounder foundation for their conceptions (*ibid.* pp. 6-10). It is entirely possible that ancient man possessed a higher degree of imaginative insight than does the modern scholar, whereas scientific method today is far in advance of that of classical antiquity, thus placing a false imprint on the state of pure scientific thinking in our own age.

If the world becomes pagan and perishes, the last man left alive would do well to quote the *Iliad* and die.  
—G. K. Chesterton

### Irresistible Force Or Immovable Object?

(Caesar, *Bellum Civile* 92)

It is only to be expected that commanders so unlike in temperament as Caesar and Pompey should differ in their judgment of tactics. Yet in the *Bellum Civile* Caesar is ordinarily content to justify his own actions and policies without directly criticizing Pompey for military blunders. Even the events leading up to the battle of Pharsalus draw from him only implicit condemnation of the overconfidence which he ascribes to his principal adversary as well as to the senators and officers in the Pompeian camp. Consequently one very blunt statement is all the more surprising to the reader.

In Book III, chapter 92, Caesar describes the position of his own army in relation to Pompey's as affording room *ad concursum*. But Pompey, he says, had ordered his troops, reputedly on the advice of Gaius Triarius, to meet the foe's onset immobile. Three reasons for this decision are given: that Caesar's men might break ranks in their rush and confront in disorder a well arrayed army; that javelins might be less destructive if the Pompeians did not run into the flying missiles; and that the enemy might be winded and exhausted by covering on the run twice the distance they had expected to traverse before joining battle. Caesar immediately follows this explanation of Pompey's strategy by the criticism: *Quod nobis quidem nulla ratione factum a Pompeio videtur*. . . . There is, he claims, an excitement and eagerness of spirit innate in all which is kindled by the passions aroused in combat, and which commanders should enhance rather than repress; this has ever, in his opinion, been the justification of the raised war cry and the sounding of the trumpets.

However, the next chapter shows the inadequacy of such an analysis. In actual fact, only the experience of seasoned campaigners (*usu periti ac superioribus proeliis exercitati*) kept Caesar's soldiers from falling into the trap laid for them. Having run forward at the signal for attack, they observed that the Pompeians were not charging; so *sua sponte* they checked their rush and halted at about the half-way point, *ne consumptis viribus appropinquarent*. After this pause they resumed their charge and first launched their javelins. Thus they destroyed all the calculated advantages of Pompey's tactics.

Pompey's reputation as a master of the art of war had been honestly come by, even though Caesar disparages his successes as gained against feeble Orientals. It is of more than casual interest, I think, that Pompey had successful precedent for his maneuver at Pharsalus, and that a century after his encounter with Caesar similar tactics were also crowned with victory.

Livy (II, 30) tells how Aulus Verginius defeated a Volscian force somewhat larger than his own and hence contemptuously careless. The consul did not advance his line, did not allow his soldiers to reply to the enemy's war cry, and did not even permit javelins to be poised for action. Only when the Volscians thinking the Romans petrified by fear, were close enough for combat to be joined with swords, did the consul's soldiers spring to life. The attackers, *cursu et clamore fessi*, turned tail, but had not even strength enough left for flight, *quia cursu in proelium ierant*. In contrast, Livy refers to

the Romans as *vigentes corporibus*, because, he says, *principio pugnae quieti steterant*.

The other instance, recounted by Tacitus (*Annales* XIV, 37) is a less exact parallel, since the Roman legionaries under the consul Suetonius sheltered themselves by the terrain, but they stood firm and did not challenge a rain of javelins until the Britons led by their queen Boudicca (Boadicea) had charged in close.

It may be argued that in both these situations Romans were pitted against less disciplined aliens, and that Pompey should have discounted the likelihood of success against Caesar's veterans. To some extent he may have been misled by Labienus's report on the composition of his old commander's army, that nearly all were recruits from Cisalpine Gaul or Transpadane *coloniae*. But he also had superior numbers, probably in at least a 5 to 3 ratio of legionaries, to say nothing of reserves. And it should be noted that by Caesar's own admission Pompey's forces did not waver at the first onset (*Neque vero Pompeiani huic rei defuerunt*, *B. C.* III, 103), so that while the unsuccessful ruse did not advance his cause, neither did it jeopardize his chance of victory. It was Caesar's disposition of legions to counter Pompey's cavalry on the flank that turned the tide of battle. Pompey's really fatal error lay in ever risking a decisive engagement when he could have conquered by attrition; the specific failure of generalship which Caesar purports to discern must be regarded as a minor and controversial question.

Carleton College

CHARLES SANFORD RAYMENT

### *Frater Ave Atque Vale*

(Tennyson)

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!  
So they row'd, and there we landed—*O venusta Sirmio!*  
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer  
glow,  
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers  
grow,  
Came that *Ave atque vale* of the Poet's hopeless woe,  
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,  
*Frater, ave atque vale*—as we wander'd to and fro,  
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,  
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

### VERSION

(W. P. HETHERINGTON, S.J.)

Remis incute vim; meamus, insta.  
Festinemus ad usque Sirmionem.  
Sic allabimur. O venusta valde!  
Aestivum nemus inter atque olivas  
Et qua purpurei tegunt ruinas  
Flores, venit "Ave valeque in aevum,  
Frater," nenia perditae poetae,  
Vatum, quotque fuere delicati,  
Primi,—"perpetuo vale," renident  
Dum fluctus mihi Lydii, vaganti  
Per paene insulam amabilis Catulli  
Albescentem oleisque Sirmionem.

# The Classical Bulletin

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## Editorial

We hope that the paper on the Latin poetry of the Lithuanian, Matthias Casimir Sarbiewski, which we are printing in this issue, will prove interesting and stimulating, especially to those of our readers who have never seen any of this striking post-Renaissance poet's work before. Whatever we may think of some aspects of Renaissance and seventeenth and eighteenth century cultural ideals, we cannot but be impressed by the deep and extensive knowledge of the classical languages manifested by the scholars of those times. More recent scholarship has advanced in many ways. But the cultivation of the historical and scientific spirit in classical studies, whilst it has given us much that is valuable, has also largely diverted our energies and interests from perfect mastery of Greek and Latin, from real, large-scale enjoyment of classical literature, and from thorough assimilation of the humanistic hierarchy of values of the greatest thinkers and writers of classical antiquity.

The scholars of the Renaissance and of the post-Renaissance period, less preoccupied and absorbed as they were by the minutiae of linguistic, historical, and archaeological investigation, were able to give themselves much more completely than we are, to the study, enjoyment, and imitation of classical literature as art. They read and reread the great classics times without number. They got their Virgil and Horace and Catullus by heart. They formed their own tastes upon the best classical models. They found in their reading of the classics stimulation for creative writing. It is, of course, true that many of them rested in slavish imitation of Cicero and Horace. This merely proves that some of them lacked originality. Those who possessed the spark of artistic genius, wrote excellent original prose and verse in Latin, and often became, besides, the greatest writers in the vernacular of their own country. There was admittedly a tendency in the education of those days to emphasize form at the expense of content. But the best minds did not, as a rule, succumb to this tendency. At any rate, we can well afford to-day to return to some of the really substantial virtues of the Renaissance, without falling into its faults.

Many scholars of our day produce. They make numerous contributions to scholarship, especially to the *trivia* of scholarship—and these have their value. But

how many of them have made Latin and Greek their very own? How many read the great books of Greece and Rome with complete comprehension, and hence with deep appreciation and thorough enjoyment? How many have gained from their familiarity with the great classics a perfect literary and artistic taste? How many have themselves achieved, through long and sympathetic contact with the best minds of antiquity, the philosophic mind? How many have drawn from the classics stimulation and inspiration for creative writing, artistic or philosophical? In all these—the truly great values that can be derived from a classical education—we of to-day can learn something from the classicists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and that, too, without sacrificing anything essential that historical criticism and the modern scientific spirit have won for us. But to be successful in this, we need to reorientate our classical studies, so as to put more stress on perfect mastery of the ancient *languages*, on reading and studying the *best* in classical literature, on *appreciation and enjoyment* of both form and content, and also—last, but by no means least—on personal *artistic creation*.

F. A. P.

The newly formed *Classical Association of Washington University* (St. Louis) is sponsoring an interesting series of classical lectures, films, and dramatic sketches which will be suggestive for similar organizations elsewhere. They are being given in Brown Auditorium in the evenings at eight o'clock, under the auspices of University College and Alpha Xi Chapter of Eta Sigma Phi.\* Following are dates and subjects of the series:

- Dec. 12: "The Boys from Syracuse" (dramatic sketch, based on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus).
- Jan. 16: "Writing History with the Spade" (illustrated) by Dr. Geo. Mylonas.
- Jan. 30: "The 26 Old Characters" (film on the development of writing and printing) and "Ancient World Inheritance" (film).
- Feb. 13: "The Wanderings of Aeneas" and "Caesar's Gallic Wars" (illustrated) by Prof. Wm. Salyer.
- Feb. 27: "Before Caesar Came" (lecture on Gaul) by Dr. N. J. DeWitt. Films on "Ancient Cities in S. France," "Byways of France," and "Julius Caesar."
- Mar. 12: "A Summer in Italy" (Kodachrome pictures) by Prof. W. Seaman.
- Apr. 23: Films on "Demosthenes," "Second Punic War," "The Eternal City," "Modern Rome," "Cities of N. Africa," "Ancient Rome in Africa."
- May 7: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (film).

\* Tickets for the whole series are secured by a \$2 membership in the Association. Apply to Dean Willis H. Reals, University College, Washington University, St. Louis 5, Mo.

A faddist may ride his hobby to death, whether it be optatives, or lantern slides, or parallel passages from the poets. But the good teacher will almost in the same breath translate a great poetic sentence, bring out its relations to the whole of which it is a part, make its musical rhythm felt by appropriate declamation, explain a historical or an antiquarian allusion, call attention to a dialectic form, put a question about a peculiar use of the optative, compare the imagery with similar figures of speech in ancient and modern poetry, and use the whole as a text for a little discourse on the difference between the classical and the modern or romantic spirit.—*Paul Shorey*



## Sarbievski—The Sarmatian Horace

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The Renaissance produced Latin lyrists of outstanding merit, more pagan in many cases than Christian. Among them, however, Sarbievski, the Sarmatian Horace, as he is called in one of the early editions of his poems,<sup>1</sup> not only imitated Horace in his verse structure, but surpassed him in many instances by reason of his more beautiful and elevating Christian concepts. An encomium of his life was written by his life-long friend and critic Stanislaus Lubienky, bishop of Plock (c. 1627-1640):

Monumenta ingenii tui non imber edax, non aquilo  
impotens aut innumerabilis annorum series poterit  
diruere; etiam vita functus vives ac per ora hominum  
incedes.

Matthias Casimir Sarbievski—his Latin name reads *Sarbievius*—was born in 1595 in the small village of Sarbiewo, in the duchy of Masovia. His parents, though of an old princely caste, possessed no worldly wealth other than their small native estate and the three sons born to them. Casimir was the oldest. He spent his younger years on his parental estate, romping through forest and over moor, and playing on the banks of his native streams, the Vilia and the Narvia. Here the slumbering seeds of his future versatility began to stir. Grown to man's estate, he often reflected on the charm of his home and the pleasures of the fields which were dearer to him than Rome herself. He could say with Horace, *Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet*. We have an epode which he wrote on his return from Rome, where he had been ordained and had taken part in the revision of the Breviary hymns in 1623 under Urban VIII. It is written in iambic couplets and dedicated to a fountain on his father's estate.

## AD FONTEM SONAM

*in patrio fundo, dum Roma rediisset (Epod. 2)*

Fons innocenti lucidus magis vitro,  
Puraque purior nive,  
Pagi voluptas, una Nympharum sitis,  
Ocellae natalis soli,  
Longis viarum languidus laboribus,  
Et mole curarum gravis  
Tuscis ab usque gentibus redux, tibi  
Accline prosterno latus.  
Permitte siccas, qua potes, premi; cava  
Permitte libari manu.  
Sic te quietum nulla perturbet pecus,  
Ramusve lapsus arbore;  
Sic, dum loquaci prata garritu secas,  
Et laetus audiri salis,  
Assibilantes populetorum comae  
Ingrata ponant murmura  
Tibi, lyraeque vatis. Haud frustra sacer,  
Nam si quid Urbanus probat,  
Olim fluenti lene Bandusiae nihil,  
Aut Sirmioni debeas.

Even the honor of poet laureate of Rome, conferred on him by Urban VIII, does not give him the satisfaction that one visit to his native estate gives.

Other circumstances of his youthful years served to bring out his talent. At home his old grandfather, who had fought against the Turks, served as an inspiration. He was the living model of epic grandeur, living like Nestor of old and recalling the heroic deeds of his native Poland. He was 109 years old when he died. The "words that flowed like honey from his lips," no doubt

fired the young lad sitting at his feet to write the epic of his later years, the *Lechias*,<sup>2</sup> on the founding of Poland and her first heroes.

When he was 12 years of age, he was sent to Pultusk to attend the Jesuit college, established there in 1565. Here he developed those fine powers of mind and those rare poetic gifts with which nature had endowed him. His lively imagination with its youthful ardor, his mind so bent on knowledge and so quick to grasp ideas, a deep religious reverence for our Lady of Czenstochowa, the national shrine—all these soon ripened. He writes to Stanislaus Lubienky on December 29, 1636:

Praeceps, et ipse sibi vix aliquot diebus superstes  
annus me commonuit, ut annum pro tua incolumitate  
Lyricorum meorum votum exsolverem Virgini Claramontanae (Klarenberg). Exsolvi illi etiam tibi, quibus  
ut plurima in dies solvamus, plura adhuc debemus. Illa  
mihi a puero studiorum praeses, tu iudex et arbiter, et  
aliquot iam annos praeceptus hortator atque instigator.

Many of his more beautiful poems are dedicated to the Mother of God, whom he praises as "the queen riding in golden chariot, decorated with the rainbow and the stars and lauded by the song of angels and the praise of men." He addresses her as "the leader of battles and the dispenser of peace." He waits impatiently in the early spring for the first flowers, and bids the rose to burgeon forth, that he may offer her his bouquet. He praises her beauty and paints her portrait with an artist's touch. Let me quote one little Sapphic.

## AD ROSAM

*quotannis Kalendis Junii D. Virginis caput coronaturus.*  
(Lib. IV, 18)

Siderum sacros imitata vultus,  
Quid lates dudum, rosa? delicatum  
Effer e terris caput, o tepentis  
Filia coeli.

Iam tibi nubes fugiunt aquosae,  
Quas fugant albis Zephyri quadrigis;  
Iam tibi mulect Boream iocantis  
Aura Favoni.

Surge: qui natam deceant capilli,  
Mitte scitari: nihil, heu, profanae  
Debeas fronti, nimium severi  
Stemma pudoris.

Parce plebeios redimire crines,  
Te decent arae: tibi colligenda  
Virginis late coma per sequaces  
Fluctuat auras.

He was hardly thirteen years of age when he began to show this poetic gift. He tells, in a poem to his native stream, the Narvia,—the first of a long list of lyrics, pastorals, and woodland songs—what themes were nearest to his heart.

## AD NARVIAM

*cuius in ripa puer admodum primum carmen lyricum cecinerat.*  
(Lib. II, 15)

Albis dormiit in rosis  
Lilibique iacens et violis dies  
Primae cui potui vigil  
Sonum Pieria rumpere barbito  
Curae dum vacuus puer  
Formosi legerem littora Narviae.  
Ex illo mihi posteri  
Florent sole dies: qui simul aureae  
Infregit radios lyrae,  
Iam nec scuta sonat nec strepitum trucid  
Gradivi; sed amabiles  
Ruris delicias: sive rubentia  
Udo rore rosaria,

Seu molles violas, sive volubilen  
 Leni flumine Viliam,  
 Seu primo graciles vere Favonios.  
 At tu, Narvia, quem puer  
 Tum primum Calabra personui fide,  
 Ictu pectinis hoc habe  
 Incisum viridi carmen in ilice:  
 Quem Phoebus citharae pater,  
 Quem laetae citharis Pierides amant,  
 Laetum barbata Narviam,  
 Laetum virginei semper ament chori.  
 Haec, dum sponte virentia  
 Vivent in teneri vulnere corticis,  
 Addiscent pueri tibi,  
 Addiscent tacitae carmina virgines:  
 Festo mox eadem die,  
 Dum glebam solidae lucis et igneas  
 Electri lacrymas legent,  
 Partiti geminis littora coctibus,  
 Alternis pueri tibi,  
 Alternis recinent carmina virgines.

His teachers recognized the talent of the young man, and while he followed the regular curriculum of studies, the system was flexible enough to take care of the student of finer endowments. At fifteen he finished his *gymnasium* studies and went to Vilna for Philosophy. The world lay at his feet. His poetic talents, which represented so well the culture of the age, would give him *entrée* into the circles of the elite. And yet, suddenly, in the second year of his advanced studies, he asked and obtained permission to enter the Society of Jesus. It was not a sudden emotion that prompted him to do this, but rather a deep conviction based upon the love of God in his heart. How often does he come back to this settled conviction in his many epigrams—we have 265 from his pen. He frequently uses some one or other verse from the Song of Songs of Solomon to illustrate the sincerity of his love. We quote an epigram (No. 40) based on the words: "Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus." (Cant. 4, 8)

Et fugis, et fugiens, clamas: Quid, Sponsa, moraris?  
 Non fugis ut fugias: ut capiare, fugis.

Two years after becoming a Jesuit, we find him teaching rhetoric at Vilna. It was during this early regency that his first published poem was composed. It was a dedication in hexameter verse, to John Charles Chodkiewicz, who had saved Poland from Russian aggression. The old general became a Maecenas to Sarbiewski. He died in 1621 on the banks of the Dniester during the final rout of the Turks.

Sarbiewski began his theological studies in September of the same year. Before leaving, he dedicated a poem in Alcaic meter to his friends,

AD AMICOS  
 (Lib. III, 32)

Vixi canoris nuper idoneus  
 Vates Camoenis: iam citharae vetor  
 Sermonem defunctumque longo  
 Barbiton ingeminare cantu.

Iam feriata fistula cum lyra  
 Dependet unco; rumpite tinnula  
 Vocalis argenti, sodales,  
 Fila supervacuosque nervos.

O quae coruscantum atria siderum  
 Servas, et aurei leve perambulas  
 Mundi pavimentum, modestae  
 Pelle, Themis, studium Minervae.

In 1622 he went to Rome to finish his theological studies. The study of the Old Testament, especially the

wonderful Psalms of David and of Solomon, gave him the inspiration that made him rise in lyric excellence perhaps even above Horace and Pindar. But as he wrote he realized how vain his attempts would be to write like the sweet singer of the Psalms. In a poem addressed to Caesare Pausilippio (*Lib. IV, 8, 1-8*) he says:

He who presumes to strike on the harp notes like the Royal Prophet's builds in idle vanity upon high Babylon's tower. The poetry of the Psalms is like the Vistula, that flows in raging torrents from the lofty Carpathians. Who can, with David, unroll the future years?

His leisure moments (*subseciva tempuscula*) he gave to poetry, writing some of his finer commemorative odes, while his longer recreation periods were spent in the study of antiquities under the famous Alexander Donatus. His findings in this field he put into a book<sup>3</sup> which was never published. He also made the acquaintance of some of the more famous scholars of the period, Leon Alazzi, the Greek scholar from the island of Chios, Luke Holsten, the Latinist from Hamburg, Abraham Echillensis, the orientalist, Famiano Strada, author of *De Bello Belgico*, Tarquin Galuzzi, commentator on Vergil and Aristotle, and Jerome Petrucci, the stylist—the last three Jesuits, and his co-workers on the revision of the Breviary hymns. Sarbiewski had been crowned poet laureate by Pope Urban VIII, and yet, in a poem (*Lib. I, 7*) written to the nephew of Urban, Cardinal Francesco Barberini, he says:

Only the name written on the Book of Life gives any distinction; over everything else the stream of time will flow, and the years will dim the brightest glory of the court and scepter and pillared halls of state.

In 1625 he returned to Poland. He was never again to see his new Maecenas, Urban VIII, "the last of the Humanists," as he is called.<sup>4</sup> His companion on the journey was a young nobleman with a rather melancholy disposition. Sarbiewski was always happy and bubbling over with fun. He saw the beauty of nature everywhere and song was ever on his lips. In a beautiful Sapphic he gives his philosophy of life.

AD CRISPUM LAEVINIUM

rogatus, cur saepe per viam caneret, respondet (*Lib. IV, 14*)

Cum meam nullis humeros onustus  
 Sarcinis tecum patriam reviso  
 Laetus, et parvo mihi cumque dives  
 Canto viator;

Tu siles moestus: tibi cura Musas  
 Demit, et multi grave pondus auri,  
 Quaeque te quondam, malefida rerum  
 Turba relinquet.

Dives est, qui nil habet, illa tantum,  
 Quae potest certa retinere dextra,  
 Seque fert secum, vaga quo migrare  
 Iussit egestas.

Quid mihi, qui nil cupiam, deesse  
 Possit? Umbrosi placet una Pindi  
 Vallis. O sacrum nemus O iocosae  
 Rura Camoenae!

Quae meos poscet via cumque gressus,  
 Delphici mecum, mea regna colles,  
 Itis, et fessum comitante circum-  
 sistitis umbra.

Me Gothus saevus religet catenis,  
 Me Scythes captum rapiat, soluta  
 Mente vobiscum potero tremendos  
 visere reges.



After a year of final ascetical training, he reentered the class room, this time directing the literary studies of young Jesuits. He never gives up his love for the Muses. Now it is a lyric he pens, now a longer poem in more solemn strain, now an epigram. His mind is never at rest. He is always pleasantly active. A short poem in the Fourth Asclepiadean strophe is addressed to the locust.

AD CICADAM  
(*Lib. IV, 23*)

O quae, populea summa sedens coma  
Coeli roriferis ebria lacrymis,  
Et te voce, cicada,  
Et mutum recreas nemus.

Post longas hiemes, dum nimium brevis  
Aestas se levibus praecipitat rotis,  
Festinos, age, lento  
Soles excipe iurgio.

Ut se quaeque dies attulit optima,  
Sic se quaeque rapit: nulla fuit satis  
Umquam longa voluptas;  
Longus saepius est dolor.

Perhaps on the same day here referred to, conscious that the summer days pass all too soon, he puts his lyre aside and throws himself on the deeply matted grass under the poplars he loves so well. These are the Alcaic stanzas he addresses to his lyre.

AD SUAM TESTUDINEM  
(*Lib. II, 3*)

Sonora buxi filia sutilis  
Pendebis alta, barbite, populo  
Dum ridet aer, et supinas  
Sollicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibilantis lenior halitus  
Perflabit Euri: me iuvat interim  
Collum reclinasse, et virenti  
Sic temere iacuisse ripa.

Eheu! serenum quae nebulae tegunt  
Repente coelum! quis sonus imbrum!  
Surgamus. Heu, semper fugaci  
Gaudia praeteritura passu!

In more humorous strain he writes an epigram to a friend about a certain Quinctus (*Epig. 64*).

Mulum Quinctus emit, sed coecum, Cosmice, mulum:  
Unum oculum mulus non habet: ille duos.

We shall quote one more of his lyrics, reminiscent of *Eheu, fugaces*.

AD PUBLIUM MEMMIUM

*Vitae humanae brevitatem benefactis extendendam esse*  
(*Lib II, 2*)

Quae tegit canas modo bruma valles,  
Sole vicinos iaculante montes  
Detegit rursum, Tibi cum nivosae  
Bruma senectae

In caput seris cecidit pruinis  
Decidet numquam. Cita fugit aestas,  
Fugit autumnus; fugient propinqui  
Tempora veris.

At tibi frigus, capitique cani  
Semper haerebunt: neque multa nardus,  
Nec parum gratum repetita dement  
Serta colorem.

Una quem nobis dederat iuventus,  
Una te nobis rapiet senectus;  
Sed potes, Publi, geminare magna  
Saecula fama.

Quem sui raptum gemuere cives,  
Hic diu vixit. Sibi quisque famam  
Scribat heredem: rapiunt avarae  
Cetera lunae.

A great many of Sarbiewski's poems are distinctly patriotic. He loved his native land. An ardent student of history, he saw and studied the symptoms of her internal decay, and with all his energies he tried to counteract them. The jealousy of the nobility and their apathy to the national honor caused him intense sorrow. Thus he asks the nobles<sup>5</sup> "whether the iron from which swords of vengeance should be fashioned is being used to plough the fields, and whether the arrows and javelins used by their ancestors were standing as underbrush in the forests?" He was an ardent nationalist standing for preparedness, but the whole tenor of his patriotic poems was to keep Poland out of foreign entanglements and to guard the glory that was her own.

Between 1626 and 1629 he worked at the revision and editing of his works, and read the classics. A marked copy of Vergil was found after his death: he had read the Mantuan sixty times.<sup>6</sup> The other great classics he had read only ten times! His favorites were Horace and Pindar, whose poems he knew by heart. Is it any wonder that he achieved such perfection in his own compositions? The only surprising thing is that he shows so much originality. Besides editing his poems, he composed a work on poetry in four books,<sup>7</sup> which was found among his manuscripts. While he was at Rome, an edition of his works appeared in Cologne. It aroused general interest among scholars. Such richness of thought, flight of fancy, beauty of diction had not been found in any of the neo-Latin poets. The University of Vilna, ashamed that it had neglected its own alumnus, begged him to edit his works anew. This edition appeared in 1628, followed by five editions before his death in 1640. Eleven more editions had appeared by 1754, and five more had been added by 1840. The last edition, which I have used in this paper, appeared in 1892.<sup>8</sup> One of the finest editions appeared at Antwerp in 1632 from the press of the great humanist, Balthasar Moret.<sup>9</sup>

Critics everywhere praised the works of our poet. Hugo Grotius<sup>10</sup> says: "Sarbiewski not only equals Horace but often surpasses him." Olaf Borrich,<sup>11</sup> the Dane, says: "That illustrious Pole, M. Casimir Sarbiewski, the Horace of our day, knows how to strike the strings of his lyre with such grace that the whole world listens in rapt attention." Adrien Baillet<sup>12</sup> places his odes on the same level as the Greek and Latin classics.

There are in Sarbiewski four great loves: the love of God, the love of his country, a childlike love of the Queen of Heaven, and an intense love of nature. These loves inform his poetry. As a Christian, permeated with the sublimity of his faith, his themes at times naturally rise above those of Horace. In elegance of diction Sarbiewski stands high. Now and then, due to terseness of diction, he becomes a bit obscure.

In 1629 Sarbiewski was appointed to teach philosophy. His friend Stanislaus Lubiensky writes on February 24, 1630:

It is with sorrow I hear that you have been moved from the lovely vale of the Muses to the stony soil of philosophy. I fear many a talented member of your order will suffer in your removal from the studies for which you are by nature so well fitted. I hope you have enough talent to acquire distinction as a teacher of philosophy.

We do not know what answer he sent to his friend, but a poem he wrote at this time will let us look deeper into his heart. He was always a soldier.

#### FORTIS EST UT MORS DILECTIO

(Cant. 8, 6) (Epig. 18)

Ut scires quo, Christe, tui flammare amore  
Non unus pro me nuntius ivit amor.  
Cor ad Te misi; cor non est, Christe, reversum;  
Mitto voluntatem, Christe; nec illa redit.  
Ut tandem totam posset tibi dedere mentem,  
Intellectus erat missus; et illa manet.  
Nunc animam mitto: quod si non illa redibit,  
O ego quam vivum, Christe, cadaver ero!

The *vir peritus et bene versatus* gave himself wholeheartedly to his new studies. We have a cosmological treatise of his in four books on *De Continuo Physico* (1627). In 1632 he was honored with the doctorate at the University of Vilna. King Wladislaus and the nobility were present at the conferring of the degree. His royal admirer took the ring from his own finger and requested that it be used in the ceremony. The ring is still preserved at Vilna and used in conferring the doctorate *per annulum* on conditantes. In the fall of 1635 he was summoned to Warsaw to become court chaplain. Early in 1636 he wrote to Stanislaus Lubienksy:

Frustra sim, si silentii mei patrocinium aut ab invaliditudine, qua saepiuscule tentor, aut a perpetuis sermonibus sacris, aut a Lechiade, quam iterum recudo, accipiam . . . Aliae sunt causae, quae mihi calamus e manu excusserunt. Popularis istud linguae studium, in quo nunc necessario versor, Latinos apud me fontes arefecit.

Two points are to be noted: his health is beginning to fail, and his native Lithuanian was not the same as Polish. He remained in this office of chaplain for four years, until his death. He had to accompany the king on his hunting trips; but he was never happier than when alone. On December 13, 1636 he writes to Lubienksy:

Animos prope silvestres per hasce vcnationes induimus, ego potissimum, qui in humili et pervio ventis atque imbris turgio vel hoc ipsum scribere potui ac commentari, quod festis diebus coram rege pro concione dicerem.

The "pup-tent" he speaks about was not conducive to his health. On October 31, 1638, during his slow return with the king from the springs at Baden, where he had gone to recover his health, he writes:

Ego me robustiorem esse atque in dies pinguorem experior, qui ante aliquot annos phthisim timebam.

And again on December 19:

Male vellem Lituaniae, si liceret, si non mox invisenda esset: quod hesternae die olere illo suo adeo mihi valetudinem affligerit, ut etiam in lectulo prostraverit. Itaque sicut Horatius in allium, ita ego in betam mordaci aliquo iambo debaccharer.

At the end of the letter he begs: *Cave meum carmen videant Litvani.*

His failing health and the court intrigues of the time cause him to write to Vilna on March 28, 1639:

Adeo me in solitudinem abdidi, adeo libris meis et otio dulcissimo impallesco, adeo pertaesius aulae angulum meum amo, ut calamus modo, verum etiam et os et oculos, praeter cathedram meam a publico absteineam, et quotidie addiscam, nihil esse tutius, nihil dulcius silentio.

And yet during these years he composed the *Silviludia*, which felt the breath of the *veteris vnae* of the lyricist, but were composed in a new style and meter. Let me quote just one of these "woodland songs", a poem of surpassing beauty and imagery.

#### AD ROREM

Placidi rores matutini,  
Qui sereno lapsi coelo,  
Mollia florum  
Versicolorum  
Ocellatis folia;  
Qui florentibus in choncis  
Late viretis  
Aequore prati gemmulatis.

Vigiles hortis ab Eois  
Florae rores olitores,  
Arida pratis  
Ora rigatis  
Urnulis argenteis.  
Vos Aurorae fulguratis  
Tacitus imber,  
Guttulae coeli desudantis.

Nitidum flavae lac Matutae,  
Cum luteolas papillas  
Tenero florum  
Inserit ori,  
Odoratis populi  
Coloratis cum labellis  
Rosae circum  
Ubera matris nutriuntur.

Stellulae noctis decedentis  
Stillae rorum, coeli rores,  
Sidera ruris,  
Sidera rores,  
Flosculorum lacrymae,  
Cum madenti liquent ore,  
Diraque lugent  
Funera noctis occidentis.

Antra petentum vos ferarum  
Pressa vago signa pede,  
Limite fido  
Prodite, rores.  
Certa per vestigia  
Ad latentem venatores  
Ducite praedam  
Placidi rores matutini.

In July 1639 he returned to Warsaw. Towards the close of March of the following year his health broke completely. He suffered from severe headaches. He spoke of the pains as *nescio quam guttam in cerebrum desper labentem cum ingenti totius corporis horrore*. It was his last illness. He removed the ring from his finger and sent it to Vilna. After three days of severe suffering he died. It was April 2nd, 1640. On the 15th day of the same month his friend Lubienksy followed him. Sarbiewski had written to the Polish nobles:

Frustra nam in urna surdus et immemor  
Iacebo pulvis. Me tamen integrae  
Lauri coronabunt iacentem, et  
Circum hederæ violæque serpent.

He was buried at Warsaw. No inscription marked his resting place. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Though some of his poems were translated into Polish, German, French, English, Italian, Flemish, Bohemian, yet how few scholars know the outstanding Latin lyricist, Matthias Casimir Sarbiewski, the Sarmation Horace!

<sup>1</sup> Horatius Sarmaticus, sive Math. Casimiri Sarbievii Lithuani S.J. Lyricorum libri IV . . . Coloniae Agrippinae, sumptibus Ioannis Everhardi Fromart bibliopolae, 1721.

<sup>2</sup> Lechias, poema heroicum in duodecim libros ad instar Aeneidos divisum iacta reipublicae fundamenta describens. Never published.

<sup>3</sup> Dii Gentium seu theologia, philosophia tam naturalis quam ethnica, politica, oeconomia, astronomia, ceteraeque artes et scientiae sub fabulis theologiae ethicae a veteribus occultatae, erutae vero opera R. P. Mathiae Casimiri Sarbievski Soc. Iesu. Academicus Poloc. Anno MDCXXVII.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Cardinalis Maphaeus Barberini, postea Urbanus VIII, Poemata. Lutetiae Paris. 1623; Colon. 1626; Bonon. 1629; Romae 1631; Antverpiae 1634 (Plantin); Romae 1637, 1640;

Paris. 1642; Ozon. 1726 (ed. J. Brown). His *Poesie Toscane* appeared in Rome 1638; *Poesie latine tradotte in verso da F. Ferranti, Roma 1642*.

<sup>5</sup> Cfr. *Carmina Lyrica*, lib. I, ode 6 and ode 20.

<sup>6</sup> Daniel, *Études Classiques*, p. 227.

<sup>7</sup> *De Perfecta Poesi*, libri IV. It was never published.

<sup>8</sup> *Mathaei Casimiri Sarbiewski, e Societate Iesu, Poloni, Poemata Omnia, ad usum alumnorum S.J. Staraviesiae, typis et sumptibus Collegii S.J. MDCCXCII*.

<sup>9</sup> *Mathaei Casimiri Sarbiewski e Soc. Iesu Lyricorum libri IV, Epodon liber unus, alterque Epigrammatum. Antverpiae ex officina Plantiniana Balthas. Moreti MDCXXII. Cum privilegio Caesaris et regio*, 4° p. 336.

<sup>10</sup> Lud. Aubertius: *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire de Hollande etc.* Paris, 1687, p. 438.

<sup>11</sup> Olaus Borrichius in *dissertationibus academicis de Poetis. Francof. 1683. Num. 209, p. 162*.

<sup>12</sup> Adrien Bailletus: *Jugemens de Savans sur les principaux ouvrages des Auteurs*. Amsterd. 1725, tom IV, pp. 226, 227.

### The Yacht

(Catullus 4)

The yacht you see in the courtyard  
Rightfully comes by her place,  
She's the model of a sturdy ship  
That had power and swiftness and grace.  
I wish she could talk for she could tell  
Of the seas that washed her hull.  
Swift? She'd say as the flight of a gull.  
Under oars or sail she would boast to be  
The swiftest ship on lake or sea.  
What seas did she sail? She weathered the storms  
Of the Adriatic and then  
Through the Cyclades to classical Rhodes;  
The sea that is feared by men  
The Hellespont on the Thracian side;  
The Pontic brawling with the wind and tide.  
She was built on the shores of the Pontic sea,  
Where once she was tall trees,  
On Cyturus' hill near Amastris town,  
Whispering to every breeze.  
If she could talk she'd speak aloud  
Of those trees, so straight and tall and proud.  
If she could talk, she'd recall the day  
She slipped down the ways to the sea,  
She'd remember the day the Pontic paid court  
To her swift, sleek majesty.  
She'd remember the seas we sailed, she and I,  
The fair wind the foul, whipping down from the sky.  
Was she safe? I'll let you be the judge. From lands  
Beyond the rising sun  
To the Lago di Garda we sailed; not a vow  
Did we pay to the Gods for that run!  
But she's old, and she sits in her ultimate port,  
And this model's inscribed to the Twins of Sport.

JOHN J. LONG, S.J.

The third annual Northwestern State College *Foreign Language Conference* will be held on May 7 and 8, 1948, at Natchitoches, Louisiana. The theme of this year's conference is "New Horizons through Foreign Language Study." Those interested in reading papers are requested to write promptly to Professor G. Waldo Dunnington, Director of the Conference, Box 1084, Northwestern State College, Natchitoches, Louisiana, giving title of the paper and number of minutes required for presentation.

### "Streamlined Latin"

Since many of its readers are actually teaching the *Henle Latin Series*, THE CLASSICAL BULLETIN, in its December issue, reported on the number of schools that have adopted these texts. The attention of these readers may also be called to the author's explanatory pamphlet, "Streamlined Latin" (Loyola University Press), in which he carefully acquaints the teacher with the theory and mechanics of his system. While the pamphlet can be recommended to all teachers of Latin on account of the points of sound and practical pedagogy that it sets forth, for a teacher of the *Series* it is simply indispensable. For he is teaching not only the *Henle Series* but also the *Henle System*. This is to say, there is more of a unity among the five books than that of common authorship, more of interrelation and interdependence than that of mere sequence and progression. The matter assigned to each year, while definite and limited, is not self-contained or disengaged from that of the other years. From the first lesson of the course to the last there is correlation, subordination, unity of aim and method. The five books are parts of an organized whole; together they constitute *one* course. And it is only when the *Series* is studied as a whole, with part properly related to part and every exercise directed to the ultimate objective, that the student can realize the end-product: unified cultural and disciplinary training.

There is one point on which the author insists with special emphasis, namely, teacher-cooperation. On the very first page he says:

This series . . . is based on definite educational principles and is directed towards definite goals for Latin teaching. Its matter and its method have been chosen according to these general principles and in view of these general aims. It thus implies and demands a definite method of teaching. It is not a series that can teach itself, nor one that can succeed under every system of instruction.

The teacher, therefore, stands between the text and the student. He functions as an instrument, as an active medium through whom the system is applied. Consequently, he must identify himself with the system; his methods must be in harmony with it; his instruction must be made to fit it, to insure the *continuous* effort of all the teachers of the course. He must, for example, faithfully resume where another teacher has left off, and with the same care teach all the matter assigned for that year so that another may promptly take up and continue. Again, he must insist on a uniform statement of the rules and submit to the drudgery of teaching the vocabulary thoroughly and according to a common pattern. Above all, there is the need of keeping a steady eye on the ultimate objectives of the whole course. This is teaching the *Henle System*. To repeat, "it is not a series that can teach itself, nor one that can succeed under every system of instruction." If any one of the teachers teaching the four years fails to fall into line, the organized effort of the course is disrupted, with the result that the students become confused and lose interest, and the succeeding teachers are faced with the distasteful choice of either re-teaching his matter or stumbling ahead with the class the best they can.

To teachers using the *Series* for the first time we earnestly recommend a thorough study of "Streamlined



Latin," and we urge its frequent re-reading also upon all who teach these books. Principals and Supervisors of Studies, of course, are familiar with the pamphlet. In their position of co-ordinators they can see to the systematic teaching of the *Series* and thus maintain and improve the quality of the Latin course in their high schools.

H. J. G.

### Archaeology Papers

Examining papers in classical art and archaeology has always been a peculiar pleasure to at least one instructor. With each new batch one learns so much that is new; and, as Aristotle remarks, learning is pleasant to all men, though all do not share in the experience to the same degree as the philosophical. I shall record here only a few of the many delightful discoveries in classical art and archaeology I have on various occasions made through the reading of student papers.

I have learnt, for instance, that in the *cur perdu* process the Greeks bound round their models with *whoops*. It struck me at the time I read this that such a fact might be used to establish a racial relationship between the Greeks and our own American Indians. I have also found out that one of the chief *sculptures* of the fifth century was *Phrisides*. He is said to have sculptured the *Athena Proselthynos*, which must have been one of those famous "walking" statues they speak of. This person Phrisides appears also to have gone by the name of *Fidius*—likely enough the gentleman by whom Cicero used to swear when he would exclaim *Medius Fidius*! A further discovery: the chief work of Scopas was *Maedonos*, which looks like the Greek for *maiden*. Scopas is also said to have had something to do with the *impediment* of the Mausoleum and to have influenced the *Goible group*. The latter sounds very much like the Cockney (or Jersey?) way of referring to pediment sculpture. As Athena was the goddess of wisdom, one of her statues at Athens is said to have been sometimes dubbed *Athena Promathos* (possibly referring to her preeminence in mathematics?—a sort of "senior wrangler," as it were). Other great works of Greek sculpture that I have become familiar with through these examination papers are *Hermes Tying His Shoe*, the *Aegis Head*, otherwise known as the head of Medusa, *Apoxyomenas* and *Posideon*. I have further learnt that the Greeks had *chubby* flasks, called "aryballi," and perfume bottles, which they deposited in their graves—a very thoughtful custom! Moreover, it seems that the Romans had a neat way of disposing of their *quisquilia* and *derelecta*: they made double walls, joined by ties or bonds called *emplecton*, and filled in the space between with *rubbish*.

I wonder whether teachers of Ancient History find out as many pleasant things in the examinations they correct.

F. A. P.

A teacher who complains of monotony in the unvarying sequence of Caesar, Xenophon, Cicero, Virgil, and Homer, has the source of that monotony within himself.—E. K. Rand

### Book Review

**The Riddle of the Early Academy**, by Harold Cherniss. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1945. [vi] 103 pages. \$1.50.

Into its small covers this book has crammed much of the author's deep and extensive knowledge not only of Plato's writings, but also of Aristotle's. The well-documented reasoning of Professor Cherniss inspires confidence. The Riddle of the Early Academy is the discrepancy between Plato's own exposition of his theory of ideas and Aristotle's explanations and criticisms of it. In the attempted resolution the emphasis is mainly on the place of number and numbers in the theory, and on their nature according to Plato and his fellow-Academicians and critics, especially Aristotle.

In the first chapter Professor Cherniss attacks the supposition made by some scholars to solve the riddle, viz., that Plato gave lectures in the Academy, and that from these lectures Aristotle must have gathered the points of Plato's doctrines which are at variance with the dialogues. The supposition is shown to be unfounded and undeserving of the priority it has been given to the text of Plato's own dialogues. Aristotle appears as addicted to distorting other philosophers' doctrines into his own categories and then proving their absurdity.

But, if Aristotle distorted Plato's doctrine, were there no orthodox disciples of the Academy to set Aristotle right and leave posterity a correct presentation of it? There might have been if, as the second chapter points out, membership in the Academy had been founded on agreement with Plato. But lack of unity in doctrine among its members is evidenced by Speusippus and Xenocrates, Plato's successors in the "deanship".

This disagreement is quite understandable in view of what the word "Academy" meant to the Greeks of Plato's time. Unlike its meaning in most modern languages and educational areas, it is shown, in the third chapter, to mean for Plato a school where the only formal education was in mathematics, preparatory to dialectic. Dialectic itself was exercise in abstract thinking for men of thirty to thirty-five years of age; and only at the age of fifty were students considered mature enough to take up the highest philosophy. After the formal propaedeutic course in mathematics was completed, Plato served as a consultant to aid the students in broader formulations of their problems, and as a critic of their method, rather than as a dictator of orthodoxy, or even a corrector of their misunderstandings of his doctrine.

In speaking of "disagreements among Plato's associates concerning the interpretation of identifiable passages in his dialogues," Professor Cherniss says: "Especially when there are indications that such ascription by one member of the Academy was contested by another, the only legitimate conclusion which can be drawn is that Plato himself did not teach or discuss the doctrine at all" (p. 75). Does not this conclude too much?

Regis College,

Denver, Colorado

RICHARD E. ARNOLD, S.J.

Horace remains to this day the type of the untranslatable.—Frederic Harrison

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